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# Puck

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THE LATEST DON QUIXOTE.



**PUCK,**  
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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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**CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.**

**CONCERNING  
PURER POLITICS.**

WE HAVE been making some good history these last few months—history that will read well twenty years from now. It is not unseemly, life being short, that we anticipate a little of the pride our posterity will feel, when its orators and historians refer to this period as an “epoch.” They will say it was marked by a revolution of thought that overthrew organized corruption, and achieved, independent of party affiliation, a clean-handed government for the American people. At least, they will if they know their business. It has been a long fight. It began in 1872, when the “Independent Republican” was born. This anomalous being had a slow but solid growth; it was not until 1884 that he became an “element.” In that year he helped to elect a Democrat who had pledged himself to give “the utmost benefits of a pure and honest administration of national affairs,” regardless of partisan advantage. The country awaited the result, not without a nervous fear, it must be confessed, for it was something of an experiment. Republican leaders had pretended to believe that Mr. Cleveland’s election meant national ruin of the most atrocious kind. Betrayal of the country’s prosperity to British greed, starvation of the working-man, payment of Rebel pensions,—these were some of the milder crimes which Mr. Cleveland was said to favor. The country was agreeably surprised into breathing freely again, by finding these promised calamities mysteriously deferred. But the rank growth of twenty years could not be cut out in four. The people, more mindful of the noble traditions than of the later corrupt performances of the Republican party, gave it another trial—just as we put on our last year’s light suit to see if it won’t do another Summer.

It proved an unhappy experiment, but it convinced the people that demagogues’ tricks can not replace statesmanship; that unprincipled smartness will not suffice for wise integrity. They awoke to the fact that civil service was given over to the grossest abuse, that the pension laws were criminally lax, that we were saddled with a money law that was suicidal, and that we were fostering, at great cost, a lot of grown-up in-

dustries that were engaged with both hands in fostering themselves. There followed what our rural contemporaries call “a tidal wave of enthusiasm.” As a result, we are traveling in healthier roads of thought and action, to-day. Mind you, we are not predicting the near approach of the millennium. We don’t believe the millennium will ever come within speaking distance so long as man is born with a liver and a desire to clutch eight or nine tenths of every good thing he sees. But we do predict a return to the simple theory of Democratic government which the Republican spoils system had debauched. We predict a cleaner spirit of warfare for campaigns to come, by which men and issues shall be fairly fought; when an effective argument against a man’s fitness must be something else than a tale that he once struck his little crippled sister with a hatchet, or that he poured oil over a G. A. R. veteran, and, after lighting him, danced gleefully as he burned. We predict the location of some new and improved party lines, to the extinction of the old, within which national and not party expediency shall be the ruling spirit.

You have, doubtless, wondered what caused this reaction. If you have n’t found the answer, it is because you have n’t backed up your curiosity with a little sober reflection. Had you done so, you would have discovered that it is chiefly due to one man. You would have seen how great is the personal influence of the man who, having the attention of the people, is wise and honest and courageous. Republicans rejoiced because Mr. Cleveland was outspoken in his sentiments. They had cause enough to rejoice, but not the cause they suspected. The power of example was not minded by them. Mr. Cleveland’s honest patriotism, and the force of his personal character are the agents which have driven so much of the corruption-taint out of our political blood. PUCK is prouder of his share—and it is a big one—in the work of placing this man where the country sorely needs him, than of anything else he ever did in his life.

**CONCERNING  
A BROKEN  
MACHINE.**

The cheering rumor that Tammany will withdraw from the State Machine gives rise to some interesting speculation. What would be left of the State Machine? What would be left of Tammany? Would there be a Machine left, or only a lot of demoralized old wheels and running gear? What could be done by a Tammany tiger with clipped claws and drawn teeth? The Independent Republican has shown his power for good. The Independent Democrat now has the same opportunity; and, in revolting from the rule of a dirt-clogged machine, he will add to the evidence we have already deduced that these are good times growing better. The present wholesome political atmosphere, the fact that Senator Murphy is a little man in a big place, that David B. Hill is too much of a fad with himself—any or all of these may have inspired this revolt, if it should prove to be a revolt. As yet it is only a rumor. Let us take a rumor’s worth of hope from it, and keep in mind the old adage which avers that honest men get their dues, under certain circumstances.

**HE KNEW.**

“Women have no minds,” said lordly Jack,  
“Whatever the world may say;”  
“I am sure they have,” growled Arthur back,  
“And they change them every day.”

**NOT EXACTLY KEEN.**

**B**OND.—The Major ought to be doing very well in Wall Street. He’s an industrious fellow.  
**BANKS.**—Unfortunately he’s not. His industrial proclivities have nearly ruined him. A friend from Chicago gassed him into a heavy loss, and in trying to make it up, he got loaded with lead, sweetened with sugar, nearly strangled with cordage, and now he is paralyzing himself with whiskey.

**OF MORE IMPORTANCE.**

“Why, there’s Mr. Crosier, the missionary, on the other side of the street! I thought he was in Africa founding missions.”

“So he was; but he has been called home to testify in Dr. Pentateuch’s heresy trial.”

**TO LILUOKOLANI.**

As thy subjects do eschew thee,  
Face an audience Anglo-saxon;  
Come and play Eliza to the  
Uncle Tom of Peter Jackson.

MR. KIPLING will now probably add “that other story” to his Vermont home, for a nursery.

**The next number of PUCK will contain  
CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET,  
Drawn by JOSEPH KEPPLER.**



**PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES NEEDED.**

**NEIGHBOR.**—What’s your idea in putting ashes around your back gate? Who ever comes in that way?

**FAMILY MAN.**—Our cook’s steady company does—and if he found it too slippery here, he might stop coming—and then she’d leave!





MISS CHAPPOW.—Usher, won't you please waken that man in front? He breathes so heavily, I can't hear a word of the play.



MR. SHOWLDERS.—Why, cert'nly, young man.

### PROFESSIONAL BIZ.

BOGGS.—Lend me a quarter to buy a cocktail, will you?

FOGG.—Cocktails are only fifteen cents, I believe.

BOGGS.—That is the usual price; but they are a quarter at Delmonico's.

FOGG.—But why do you go to Delmonico's?

BOGGS.—Because I want to be seen there as much as possible. You know I am struggling to gain a foothold as a painter.

### THE DRESSMAKER'S HARVEST.

The crinoline Dame Fashion has decreed must deck the fair,  
And poor man will be encircled in its meshes, like a snare;  
For the gowns that ravish now his purse, and nigh deplete its store,  
Then will wholly loot the treasury, with their twenty yards or more!

John Ludlow.



### IN A DIME MUSEUM.

LIVING SKELETON (to GLASS EATER, who seems to be in pain).—What's ailing you?

GLASS EATER.—Them hot biscuits I et at the boardin'-house this mornin' 's give me the indigestion.

### A BIT OF EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

(à la James W. R.)

When doctors disagree,  
An' dunno what does ail yer,  
Then, 'twixt you an' me,  
They jes' calls it "heart-failure!"



### UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

TEACHER.—Why were you late this morning?

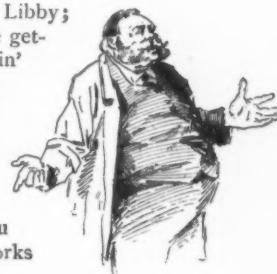
WILLY SLIMSON.—Mama overslept herself and the cook had to get the breakfast.

### WHY NOT TAKE TWO OR THREE?

COL. COLE HOYLE (to DAUGHTER).—Yes, Libby; while you have been galivanting around Europe gettin' your education, your old Pops has been peggin' away until he has grown rich as mud. We have finished our new works and are just makin' things hump. Yes, indeed; we can take the crude oil in one end of the buildin' and when it reaches the other, it comes out thoroughly refined.

LIBBY (languidly).—Dear Father, won't you try to find time to take a trip through the works yourself, the first thing in the morning?

WHIPPER.—What is this book, "The Simple Annals of the Poor," eh?  
SNAPPER.—Probably biographical sketches of the European noblemen who have married into American families.





FRENCH TALES RETOLD  
WITH A UNITED STATES TWIST.\*

DENNIS.

Retold from the French of  
M. GUY DE MAUPASSANT

by

H. C. BUNNER.

DR. PESSELS, the retired apothecary, as he called himself,—the tired apothecary, as his friends sometimes called him, in a way of good-natured jest—lived to suit his own quiet taste some distance out of the village, in fact half way up the mountain-side, in the third stone house on the hill road, the only one on the second turn. And as the road did not go over the mountain, but stopped at the old quarry, a quarter of a mile further on, Mr. Pessels practically did live, as his more gregarious acquaintances in the little town liked to put it, “at the end of all things.”



But that was just exactly what suited Dr. Pessels. Life had always been too bustling and bothersome a business for him—even life in the calm little, out-of-the-way, up-country town where for many years he had combined the functions of a sort of half-doctor with those of sort of druggist-and-a-half, to say nothing (and indeed he said as little as he could about it) of doing nearly anything in the veterinary line which happened to come in his way. To explain the peculiar division

of Dr. Pessel's activity, I should say that the Doctor had but a courtesy claim to his title. In his youth he had spent a couple of years at a medical college, but he had never taken his diploma, having come to the conclusion, at the end of that time, that it was altogether too much trouble. They say lazy folk take the most pains. Certainly the saying came true in Dr. Pessels's case. Fate shaped matters for him with such ingenious irony that, before his classmates had finished walking the hospitals, he found himself a hard-working apothecary in a remote country town, not only obligated to take upon his shoulders the duties of a physician in all except the severest cases of illness, when a “real doctor” had to be summoned from the court-house town ten miles away; but forced to eke out his living by prescribing for ailing livestock, and by adding to his legitimate drug business the manufacture of all sorts of nostrums demanded by the curious old-fashioned taste of his out-of-the-world neighborhood. From receipts of the last century, founded, he sometimes used to think, on traditions of the middle ages, he compounded, late of nights and early of mornings, all sorts of eye-waters, salves, complexion-washes, pomades, possets, balms, plaisters (the people would n't have them unless the labels were spelled that way), liniments, herb teas and all the other messes in which old-fashioned country-folk delight.

For fifteen years did Dr. Pessels toil thus in his grimy little shop, condemned to perpetual industry—he who asked nothing of the world but to live and be lazy. And then one of his messes worked a miracle for him, and gave him the desire of his heart. He invented or evolved or discovered Pessels's Panacea Gargle for Man, Woman and Brute, and therewith he made his fortune. You have probably never heard of the Gargle. That is because, like many other remedies of its sort, it has what the botanists would call a habitat—its own region of country wherein it is looked upon as a staple specific, and has no rival in public affection. Unknown outside of the boundaries of a half-dozen counties, within those limits the Gargle soon grew to be as necessary a part of the druggist's stock as *oleum ricini* or *camph. tinct. opii*.

There was wealth untold ahead of the Doctor if he wanted it, but he had no use for wealth untold. He had but one aim in life henceforward: not to do another stroke of work. He farmed out to a limited number of druggists in the large towns of his region the right to manufacture the Gargle on easy royalties; bought him a house and a large garden as far from the town as he could get, and settled down to a well-fed hermit life, with a well-stocked cellar under him and his man Dennis to keep house for him.

Dennis had been the Doctor's servant, helper and handy-man for many years. He had helped the Doctor with his simple surgery and with his complicated compounds. Now he was gardener, stableman, cook, butler, bed-maker, messenger, and valet; and if there was any other office to

be filled about the house Dennis filled it. The Doctor was lazy, Dennis was industrious; the Doctor was loquacious, Dennis was taciturn. The Doctor was joyous, ambitionless, content. Dennis's soul was gnawed within him by the thought of the wasted opportunity to make a fortune out of the Gargle. It was not that Dennis cared for anything that the money would bring to him personally, for his wants were meagre in the extreme, but the waste offended his thrifty soul, and to think that others were making the money that his master might have made was a vexation to his spirit. Then when the royalties began to fall in and the Doctor re-let the privileges at whatever was offered for them, Dennis raged in secret. He knew that he could dispose of them for twice what the Doctor was getting, and he could not understand why the Doctor would not allow him to act as his agent and wring the last penny out of the manufacturers. To think that these lessees were laughing in their sleeves at the fat, good-natured, easy-going little Doctor was gall and bitterness to his faithful servitor.

So there was a frown on Dennis's brow one clear, smart Autumn morning as he handed Dr. Pessels his mail, and saw the Doctor's face light up at the sight of a certain large blue envelope. Well did Dennis know what was in that envelope. The lease of the largest of all the firms manufacturing the Gargle was about to fall in. Dennis took the privileges of an old domestic; he waited while his employer, with a beaming countenance, read the letter.

“Morton & Pound?” inquired Dennis, sourly. — “Yes, Dennis, yes,” said the Doctor, cheerily; “our old friends.” — “Same old terms?” snapped Dennis. Dennis had never been disrespectful in all his years of service, but his tone faintly suggested that patience was ceasing to be a virtue. — “The same terms,” assented the Doctor, rubbing his hands contentedly; “five thousand dollars. It's a great sum, Dennis; it's a great sum.” — Dennis set his mouth hard. “The other shop would give you ten,” he said. — “Perhaps so, perhaps so,” returned the Doctor, his gayety undimmed, “but it's worth making a little less to know whom we're dealing with. And they're old friends, Dennis; good, solid old friends!”

Dennis emitted a low sound that was something between a groan and a grunt, and tramped doggedly off to the vegetable garden, where he dug at the celery-trenches with an unnecessary and expressive vigor. The fat little Doctor strolled among his late flowers, and selected with great care a pink aster for his button-hole; and finally trotted off, in a sort of aimlessly busy way which he had, to the pretty little town in the valley below him.



The Doctor was a rather more than middle-aged man, and an old bachelor; he had always old ways, and he lived in an old town.

Therefore it need not surprise you to learn that the manner of his going to bed was with a white cotton night-cap on his head and a little night-light burning in a perforated tin tower on a stand at the head of his bed. It was by the light of this that the Doctor saw, suddenly waking from a sound sleep, the tall figure of Dennis standing on the threshold, clad only in his night-shirt. For a moment the Doctor lay still, staring idly; astonished, but not wholly aroused. He had never known Dennis to walk in his sleep before, but from the glassy stare in the man's eyes the Doctor supposed that his servant was in a somnambulistic state. Then a sudden horror seized him and his heart stood still, as, lowering his eyes, he perceived that Dennis held a hatchet in his hand. He started up with a cry; but his feet had hardly touched the floor, when Dennis, uttering a snarl like an angry beast, flew upon him and struck savagely at him with the weapon.

The Doctor was a small man; but he was strong, and the terror of the situation lent him a strength not his own. He could not overcome his muscular antagonist, but for a few moments he twisted the brawny wrist so as to keep the blade of the hatchet from his face. But with the back of the heavy instrument Dennis beat down his guard, raining horrible blows upon his head, which his victim, dazed and panting, could not contrive to dodge or ward off. They struggled thus for some minutes in absolute silence, and then Dennis wrenched the hatchet around, and the sharp blade cut the Doctor's scalp and then fell upon his neck and arm and chest. But as the blood spurted forth, a sudden desperate gleam of mental clearness came to the half-stunned sufferer, and he shrieked madly:

“Dennis! Hear me! I have n't got the money! I did n't take



(Continued on page 22, this number.)



A FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.



DESPERATE CHARACTER. — Give me twenty thousand dollars, or I drop this package of dynamite!



CAPITALIST. — Certainly, my friend; certainly!



DESPERATE CHARACTER. — Thanks! — you have saved yourself from a fearful death!



EACH (to himself). — Wait till he opens that package!



CAPITALIST. — Just as I expected, of course — nothing but sawdust!



DESPERATE CHARACTER. — By Hokey! — Nothing but sawdust!

HE WHO loves and runs away  
May live to love another day;  
But as a rule, I am afraid  
He also loves another maid.

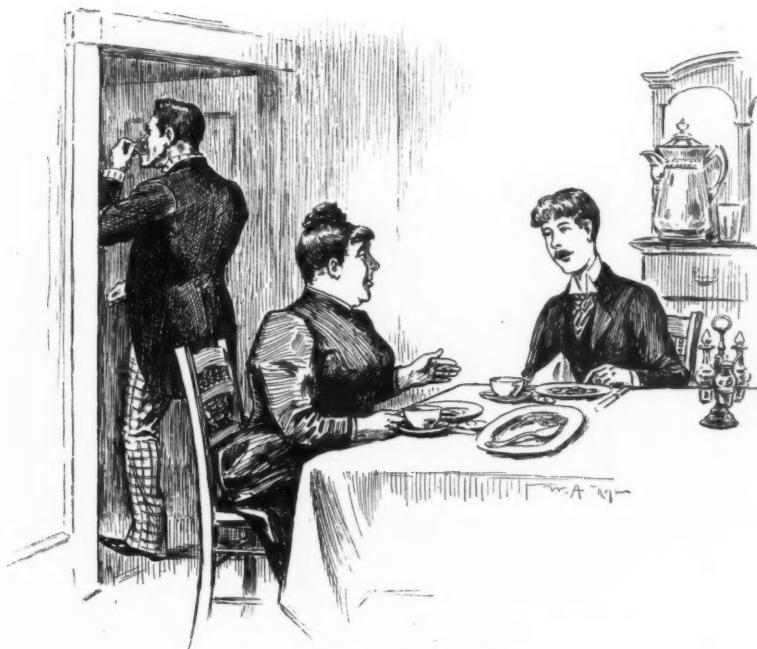
STRIKING A BALANCE.

MISS LONGTRY. — Do you think marriage is a failure?  
MRS. TENORMORE (of Chicago). — Yes — on the average.

THE ONE DEFECT.

An old school gentleman he was,  
A wise and well read scholar,  
A man of Wealth, so generous  
He'd part with his last dollar.  
Full six-foot tall and handsome quite —  
But a mark for rude jest always,  
For this outweighed his qualities:  
He wore his whiskers — Galways!

R. L. McC.



WELL EQUIPPED.

MR. STARBORDER. — The Man with the Iron Jaw from the museum seems to be a perfect gentleman.  
MRS. HASHLEY. — Indeed he is; when all the other boarders are grumbling about tough steak, he never says a word.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM.

JEWELER. — Your watch is magnetized. Have you been near a dynamo or riding on the electric cars, recently?  
JIM HICKEY. — No; but I've been — er — calling a good deal on a very attractive young lady.

MRS. BYERS. — I've been through every store in town this afternoon, and I'm nearly dead.  
MR. BYERS. — You look a trifle shopworn.



A CASE OF CONSIDERATION.

HIS SISTER'S SUITOR. — Here, Ralph, is a quarter; now tell me what your sister says about me.  
RALPH. — Gimme another quarter, and I won't tell you what she says about you.

their offer!" For a moment the madman paused. "It's true," gasped the Doctor; "I did n't accept their offer, look for yourself! — The letter — on the desk!" Dennis's hold relaxed, and his victim sank swooning to the floor. As consciousness departed, he saw the tall shape take the letter from the open desk and cross the room to read it by the aid of the flickering lamp-light. The last thing he saw was the blood-smeared face of his old servant bent over the little, round yellow light.

It was daylight when he came to himself, though he was conscious of this only by feeling the sun streaming upon his closed eyelids. He lay absolutely motionless in a sort of paralysis of fear and apprehension, becoming slowly conscious of strange dull pains in various parts of his body, of sensations of icy chill here and there, and of a curious sense of numbness and compression in other places. Courage came to him as he began to reflect that he was not at the immediate point of death, whatever his condition might be. His heart was beating; he breathed, with some difficulty, it is true, and although he felt very weak, and suffered from the nausea that follows physical shock, his head was quite clear, and he felt conscious of a returning vitality. His stiffness and chill must be, he thought, the effect of the coagulated blood which had dried on him during the night. He could not bear to open his eyes and to see it.

What was he to do? Could he, unaided, staunch his own wounds, and find strength to crawl a quarter of a mile for help at the nearest dwelling? Could he even get as far as the road, there to lie and wait for the unlikely appearance of some tradesman or chance wayfarer? A sudden thrill of fear went through him as he felt the door of the room gently open. It was Dennis, he thought — Dennis come back to finish his horrible work. He held his breath as he heard steps approach his bed.

The sheet was drawn back, and in a moment he felt the touch of water upon his flesh. Dennis was washing off the stains of blood! What would he do next? Take his victim away and bury him? Where? The Doctor began vaguely to wonder where it would be, whether under the cellar or in the great sand-pit at the end of the garden. He opened one eye very slightly, and, as he saw the face of Dennis above him, such a quick horror seized upon him that he trembled in every limb, and for a few moments lapsed into unconsciousness.

When his mind came back he found the washing still going on, and he noted with wonder that Dennis's touch was both gentle and firm. Then he felt his servant draw the edges of the wound together, and it was no longer possible for him to doubt that the strange creature who had half murdered him was now trying to undo his own work and to save his master's life.

For a few dazed moments the Doctor lay still, trying to get this through his head. Then the professional man came uppermost in him, and he calmly remarked, without opening his eyes: "You'd better put some peroxide of hydrogen in that water." — And the voice of Dennis responded as calmly: "I've got it in, sir; same as you always use."

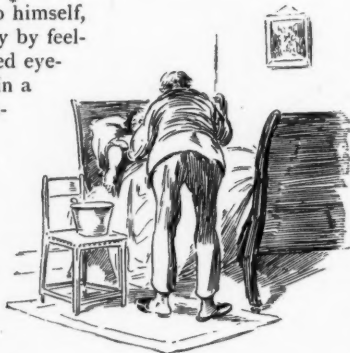
Dr. Pessels opened his eyes, expecting to see before him a vision of blood. Instead he found himself lying on a bed of snowy cleanness, his body swathed in cool bandages and with no more trace of last night's hideous scene about him than if it had never been enacted. Dennis bent over him, pale but with compressed features.

"Do you know what you have done?" demanded Dr. Pessels, who was too simple and direct in thought and speech to be much troubled with vain timorousness. — "Yes, sir," said Dennis, humbly, growing a shade paler. — "You have come within an ace of being a murderer," went on the Doctor, sternly. — "I know it, sir," returned Dennis, without ceasing in his ministrations. — "And what are you going to do now?" asked the Doctor. — "I'm going to cure you, Doctor dear," Dennis replied, his voice breaking with a husky sound. "I'm going to cure you, and you know well there's none that can do it like me. And if I bring you round, and you won't give me up to the law, I'll serve you faithful all my life. I will, Doctor, while there's breath in me. Only tell me you won't give me up to the law!"

For some long instants the two men looked at each other. Then Doctor Pessels said:

"I won't give you up to the law, Dennis. You have my word."

Dennis had spoken truly when he said that he could care for the Doctor better than any one else. Never in his life had the Doctor been



so cared for, so watched over, so ceaselessly, so gently, or so thoughtfully and wisely tended. Dennis had always been a good nurse, especially in surgical cases. The Doctor had taught him to be a good cook, and, as an attached, faithful and attentive domestic, this midnight assassin had no equal. Night and day he was at the Doctor's bedside, always ready to foresee and to forerun his slightest wish; always respectful, solicitous, attentive, silent. And day and night the Doctor lay there and wondered what on earth he was going to do with Dennis when he got well again — for he was rapidly recovering.

Of course his first thought was to ship his terrible servitor out of the country; then, as he grew better, and realized how dependent he had grown to be upon this perfect and unfailing service, and on a thousand little cares and comforts which no one else could provide for him, he began to change his mind. Of course his faith in human nature had received a rude shock; the Doctor decided positively, after very carefully considering the matter, that he really could never feel again toward Dennis as he had felt before what he termed, in his own thought, "the incident." But then, he reflected, the very happening that had given him a life-long distrust of Dennis had given him a lifelong hold over that strange creature. If he could no longer believe in the devotion of love, he certainly could count on the devotion born of fear. And in the end he decided to keep Dennis.

Life went on much as usual in the stone house on the hill. No one outside of the house knew of "the incident." No one had ever been encouraged to call, and it was County Fair season, when no one's absence from town was likely to create much comment. When the Doctor appeared on the street again, it was easy to explain the stiffness in his shoulder and the scar on his scalp by the explanation that he had at last fallen down a dangerous flight of stone steps in front of his house, as many people had predicted he some day would.

Dennis was the same old Dennis as of yore. The Doctor leaned rather more on him day by day — nay, more — having taken stock with the devil, he began to draw his dividends. It was unwise, he said to himself, to cross Dennis in the one passion, or mania, or whatever it might be called, that was the mainspring of his "eccentricities." He took Dennis's advice about his new reckonings with the manufacturers who paid him royalty, and, indeed, made Dennis to some extent his agent. The Doctor found himself growing rich, really rich, rich enough to satisfy demands much more exacting than those of his simple laziness. He did not quite realize what this meant, however, until he went away for a little trip to re-establish his health, and found out what people out in the world think of a man who does n't have to be particular to a few hundreds in what he spends for his pleasure. It really seemed, he thought, to please the other people more even than it pleased him.

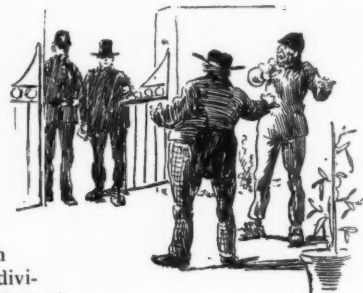
It was the day after the Doctor returned from his trip. He was walking up and down in front of his house, looking across the valley to where great heavy clouds were pushing unmistakable snow-signs high up into a bright November sky. He had just been exhibiting to Dennis the great fur overcoat he had purchased in his wanderings, and now he was listening to Dennis's account of his stewardship during the master's absence. With a complacency that would have been impossible to him three months before, the Doctor heard how Dennis had collected, to the last penny and with interest, a certain debt owed to the inventor of the Gargle by a dishonest compounder of drugs in the county town.

Turning in their walk, almost as Dennis pronounced the name of the place, they saw two representatives of that seat of law standing at the very gate. One was the well-known figure of the county sheriff; his companion was a policeman in uniform.

Dennis raised a yell of affright to heaven.

"You've given me up!" he cried. "You've given me up to the law!" — Dr. Pessels was utterly taken back. "No — certainly not — never!" he stammered. "Why, Dennis, you *know* I could n't do such a thing as that!" — "What's this, Doctor?" called the Sheriff cheerily as he advanced up the walk; "have you been lodging information against your man?" — "I?" cried the Doctor, indignantly; "no, never! I promised him at the time —" — "At what time?" The Sheriff snapped this out in such a peremptory way that the Doctor's mouth answered before the Doctor's mind was aware of it. — "The time he tried to kill me." — "Tried to kill you!" repeated the Sheriff. — "To kill you!" echoed the policeman. — "Yes," said the poor Doctor; "but upon my honor, I —"

"We'll attend to this in regular order," said the Sheriff sternly, as he slipped the hand-cuffs on Dennis's helpless wrists; "we did n't come after this man for attempt to kill; we want him for petty larceny. He stole





a plush perfumery case and a letter-scales out of a druggist's shop over in our place, while he was collecting an account for you, and he was seen to bring them home and hide them behind your barn. Got a spade?"

When they dug up the hiding place of Dennis's thefts, they found the decayed and mildewed remains of aimless magpie pilferings which must have represented a year's accumulation. Here he had hidden a wonderful collection of odds and ends—a pair of baby's shoes, an empty cruet-stand, a plowshare, a silver candlestick, a milk-can and an enamelled watch.

On the trial for assault with attempt to kill, the defense was insanity. The Prosecuting Attorney did his best to make a point of Dennis's business sagacity, but he had very little chance with the eloquent and pathetic orator whom Dr. Pessels had engaged to appear for the defense. This gentleman got the aimless and purposeless thefts into evidence somehow or other, and he expatiated on Dennis's devoted fidelity to the master against whom in a moment of madness he had raised his hand, until the women in the audience wept effusively. Dr. Pessels let his honest tears stream down his simple, fat face;

the jurors were, as the reporters say, "visibly affected," and even the judge looked at the ceiling and cleared his throat.

"And why," demanded Counsel for the Defense, fervently, "why, after this catastrophe, did this employer retain in his service this domestic who had sought his life? Why did he turn to him for care, for attendance, for affection? Why, when through the faithful nursing of this victim of a moment's frenzy—for I say to you, gentleman, he, and not the man he struck, is the victim in this case—why did this employer retain him in his service, confide to his keeping higher trusts, and clasp him to his bosom closer than ever before?"

The speaker paused with extended hand. Dr. Pessels evidently thought that he was directly appealed to.

"Because it's so everlasting hard to get any sort of a good servant nowadays," he replied huskily, through his tears.

The jury evidently thought so, too. Dennis is in the State Insane Asylum.



#### HITTING HIM BACK.

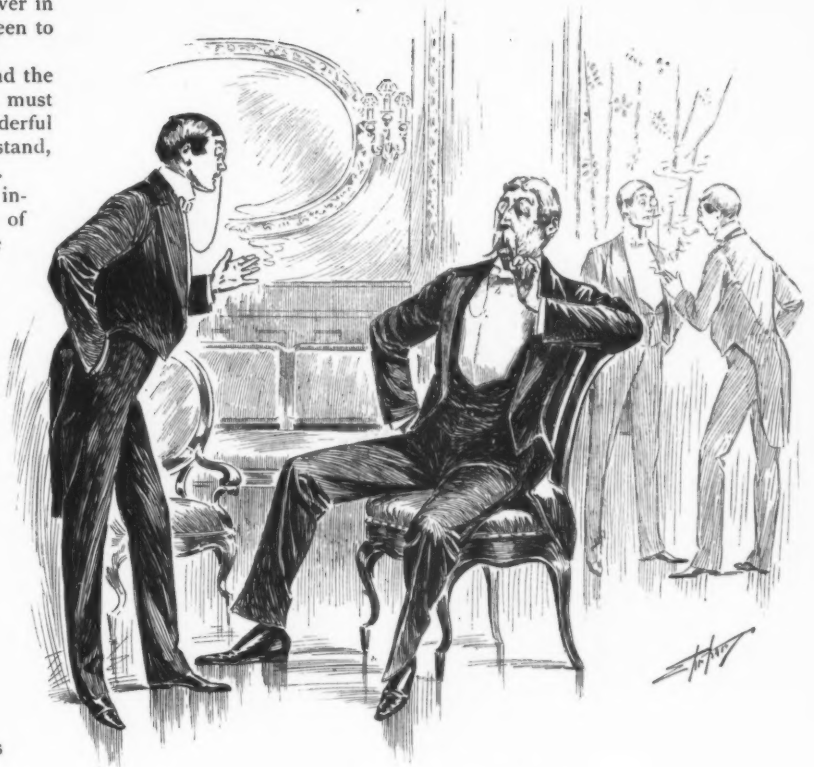
EDITOR *Cross Roads Chronicle*.—We don't pay for poetry.  
POET.—I'm glad to hear it; for if you do, you have been getting cheated outrageously.

#### A GRAPHIC OPINION.

WHIPPER.—What do you think of those missing word contests?  
SNAPPER.—I consider them a — fraud.

#### THE ONE EXCEPTION.

LAKER (of Chicago).—Tammany sweeps everything in New York.  
BLEECKER (of New York).—Yes; everything but the streets.



#### HE HAD CAUSE.

YOUNG SNOBBERY.—Ah, m' lud, I suppose you simply detest the people of this country?

LORD FITZMUD.—Aw—yahs. They mostly all take me for one of those demned Anglomaniacs.

#### SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

REPORTER.—I have a big story. We'll have to rush out an extra.

EDITOR.—What is it?

REPORTER.—There was a washout on Broadway during the rain last night and some of the pavement was exposed to view.

#### AT THE CHRISTENING.

MICKEY O'SHAUGHNESSY.—Now, den, t'ree cheers fur de kid.

PATSEY DOODY.—Divil a wan. De kid kin howl fur himsilf.

#### THE INTERESTED PARTIES.

The hoop-skirt boom is but a scheme,  
As every simpleton divines,  
Promoted by the Surface Roads  
Against the Elevated Lines.

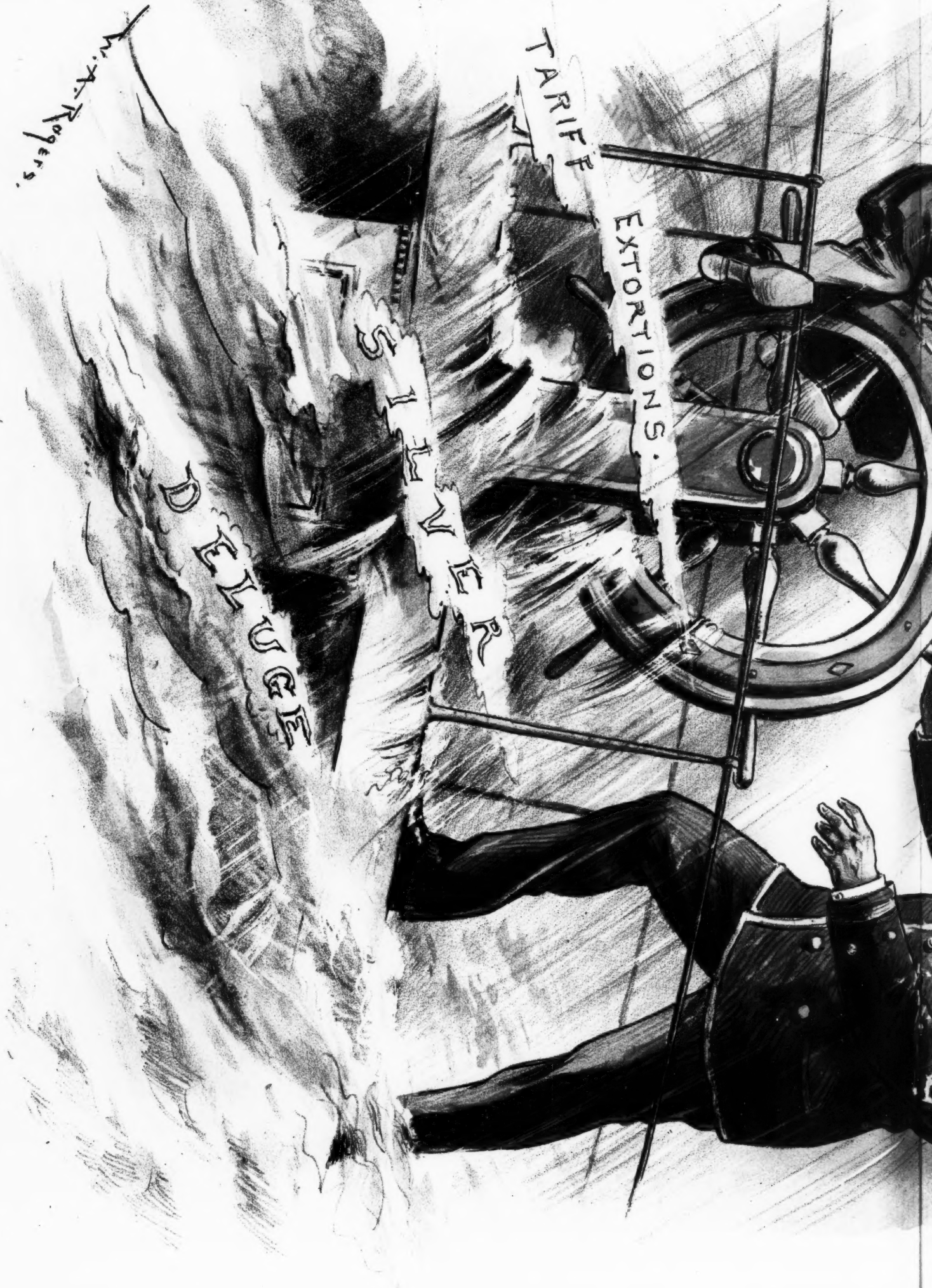
John Ludlow.



#### HARDLY.

MR. NEWWED.—What are you laughing at, dearest?

MRS. NEWWED.—I—te-hee!—was just wondering if he sits down before the fire when he gets home, and takes her on his knee, as we do.



**THE NEW HELMSMAN.**

MARCH 4TH, 1893.



PUCK.



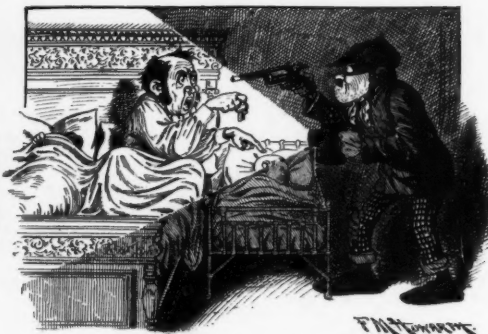
# ALL HE ASKED.



POPLEIGH (in the last stage of cold and collapse). — Thank goodness! I have walked this floor for an hour and a half, and he is going to sleep, at last.



POPLEIGH (as he crawls shiveringly into bed). — Now, perhaps, I can get a few hours sleep.



BURGLAR (an hour later). — Keep quiet, and I won't hurt yer.  
POPLEIGH. — Me keep quiet? Here's the key of my safe, and if you keep quiet, I'll swear I'll never say a word about this as long as I live.

## "EDGEICATION."



"EDGEICATION? Wal, now you may talk about edgeication," said the man who never went home, slowly and thoughtfully, "but my conviction are, that they ain't no college l'arnin' better, nor so good as what a man gits ground into him, 'n' kicked into him, 'n' pounded into him by knockin' round the world. You may study all the books you've a mind to, 'n' what of it? You don't calculate to live in books? Prent 'n' paper ain't the sp'ere you got to exist in. No, sir! You got to git up, 'n' git 'n' hustle around on the solid 'arth 'n' dodge 'n' spar fer all you're worth. No book can't prepare you fer what's comin', because you don't know what's comin'. Nobody don't. Get astronomy — get — get geometry 'n', 'n' algebra, if you like, 'n' learn 'em all off by heart, 'n' where are you when a tussle comes? You may hev read about other tussles, but I tell you, no two tussles ain't a like, 'n' you jest got to stand on your pins 'n' strike out, the best you know how."

"Mebbe if you was a scienced man you'd strike out better, would n't you?" asked the man who had just paid his bill and felt himself of momentary importance.

"You'd strike out no better," said the man who never went home, with sternness. "Scienced? Kin a man be scienced to meet emergencies that's waitin' round corners to take him unawares, 'n' that ain't never happened before 'n' probly won't never happen again? Makin' preparations fer life are all well enough, 'n' it keep you out of mischief, mebbe, some, when you're young, 'n' that, — but they ain't one of them preparations goin' to stand by you, because in the nature of things it ain't possible to fit them in nowhere. You jest got to crawl out into the world like a infant, 'n' a naked infant at that — 'n' you got to grow up, 'n' l'arn to walk, 'n' get yer close on, 'n' you got to l'arn it with cryin's 'n' lickin's, that's how! Good gracious, how you hev got to l'arn it! But you catch on 'n' you hold on like the mischief, and the first you know, you're a man, growed, 'n' you're capable of givin' advice 'n' of p'intin' the way to others — but you ain't thinkin' of referrin' 'em to books — not much! I never read no books; the few I may hev glanced thro' I disremember even their names."

"Well, p'rhaps if you'd read more, you would 'a' — you might 'a' remembered 'em easier," said the man who had never been in before, and who began bravely, as with an idea of combat, but changed his mind suddenly.

The man who never went home, merely glanced at him, continuing steadily:

"'N' I'm glad I hev disremembered the names of them books! I hold I'd never bin the man I am to-day, if I'd given my time up to edgeication, as the term are strictly understood. Book l'arnin' are a thing that makes a man conceited. He get to thinkin' he know more 'n' other people that aint studied, — 'n' he get to thinkin' he know a blame sight more than he do! Why, if I'd bin a mind, when I was to school, I could 'a' bin clean ahead of the rest of 'em, as easy as wink, but I see the effeks of it; I was n't goin' to get myself chucked full of pomposity 'n' airs. Nothin' so disgustin' to me, as self-conceit; now, I tell you!"

The man who was never known to speak, here looked up suddenly, as if he had at last determined to offer a remark, and then looked down again quickly, as if such a thought had never entered his mind.

"Edgeication?" went on the lecturer, with emphasis, leaning back in his arm chair, and settling his feet comfortably on two stools. "I say to the man or to the woman either, that are after edgeication, here, — git up, 'n' git! My wife, hev l'arned from me that there ain't nothin' like that philosophy. Why she do the runnin' of that cider mill of ourn 'n' oversees the crops fetched in, 'n' jest keep things flyin'. When she come to me, 'n' say — 'Jone, for gracious sake, things can't be no worse than they are, 'n' here' my nevvie back from California, and sp'ilin' for work, 'n', fer gracious, clear out, 'n' let me try what I can do, him 'n' me together' — wal, what did I say? I said: 'Mandy, things can't be no worse — 'n' any one that likes, kin have a try, for all me.' But supposin' she'd married a man that could n't hev advised her, or a man that would 'a' recommended her to books, for advice? Wal she went ahead, her 'n' Jim, 'n' I dunno as we ever had another talk on business sence, but, you kin see what's bin accomplished. I ain't boastin', but I dunno as any perfessor in any of the colleges could 'a' met that emergency any better 'n' I did! No, sir! Hyke, these fella's ain't tasted that last brand of Old Medford, hev they? Wal, it's time they did. Would books ever give me the criticism 'n', I mought say, artistic taste I got, on lick-ers? No! Like eve'y thin' else worth havin' it comes from daily practice 'n' experience. Jest let them fella's get hold of my idea of Old Medford! There's edgeication for 'em!"

"HARD TO OVERLOOK."



## AT THE GATES OF GLOOM.

B. ELZEBUB, ESQ. — Well, what do you think of this for a fire?  
SHADE OF LEVINSKI. — Grandt! Grandt! I subbose, of gourse, dot you haf efer't'ing covert mit insurance.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE very often brings on the price of spectacles.

Madeline S. Bridges.





#### IT WILL HAVE TO LAST HER ANOTHER SEASON.

MRS. FLIPP.—Oh, Jack, why will you persist in wearing your shabby, last Winter's suit?

MR. FLIPP.—Only because you would persist in buying your natty next Winter's wrap.

#### THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

*Gleaned from the Daily Papers.*  
SCORBETT WAS interviewed in his dressing-room last evening. He stated that he was desirous of meeting the champion of anywhere, if he could be found. He intimated, however, that as long as his theatrical engagements lasted he would be unable to appear in the ring. It is said that last week he signed a new contract for fifteen years.

Bloddard, the champion of Australia, has issued a challenge to Scorbett, and has placed a forfeit of fifteen dollars with a well-known morning paper. The only stipulation he makes is, that the purse shall not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, and that the money shall be equally divided between them. While waiting for its acceptance, he will spar nightly at Breezer. Tickets, one dollar.

It is rarely that one of decided talents in one profession shows equal ability in another; but Champion Twitchell is likely to make as great an impression on the boards in the future as he has in the ring in the past. While perfecting himself in his new rôle, he has issued a general challenge to any one to meet him anywhere for anything.

The colored Australian champion has definitely

#### STATISTICS TELL THE STORY.

Custom House statistics of 1892 show G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry to be 75,880 cases, being more than one-fifth of the entire champagne importations, and leading every other brand by over 9,000 cases. It is noted for its excellence, purity and natural dryness. By chemical analysis of Professor R. Ogden Doremus, G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry contains, in a marked degree, less alcohol than the other prominent brands, and he therefore recommends it as the purest and most wholesome champagne.

decided to go on the stage; and will appear in Uncle Tom's Cabin during the next three years. He then intends to fight the champion of the world for the largest purse offered.

The part taken by Bullivan in the "Ugly Plug" was given to his understudy last night; it is believed that the ex-champion was engaged in writing a challenge to Scorbett to meet him in the future. It is probable that Scorbett will cancel his theatrical engagement to accept this challenge, and those that know, say that the meeting is likely to take place on February 30th, 1900.

*Mickle.*

#### COLUMBUS WITH VARIATIONS.

YOUNG LADY (to POSTAL CLERK).—Two stamps, please.

POSTAL CLERK.—Yes, ma'am; with or without whisks?

#### TELL-TALE EVIDENCE.

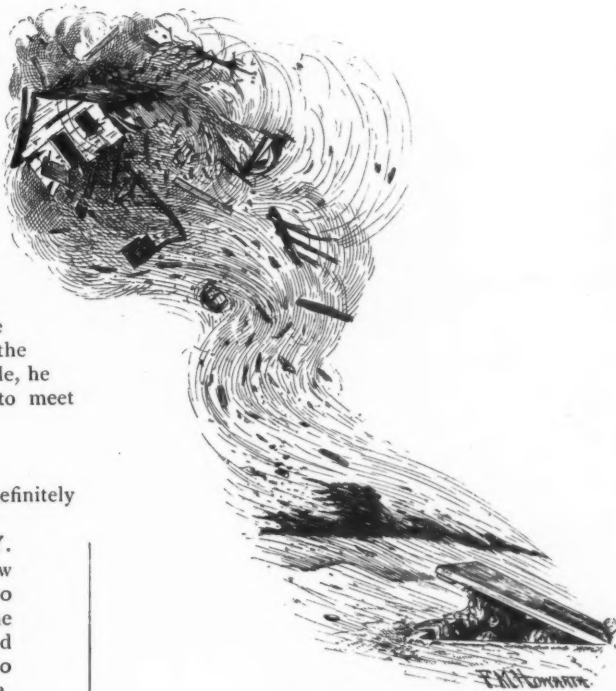
OLD UNION SOLDIER (discussing the war).—Well, we licked you, anyhow!

OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.—Yes. But you all were pretty well used up, judging from the pensions you're drawing.

THE SACK-CLOTH of this Lent will be worn with three capes and plenty of fur-trimming. Ashes will be borne on the tips of cigars.

CODFISH BALLS may be indulged in without breaking Lent.

IT IS PROBABLY the weather that makes the March Hare mad.



#### DISCOURAGING.

WESTERN FARMER (from his cyclone cellar).—Teller what; it ain't no use us a-tryin' to keep house in this country!

HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.  
LEADING WINTER RESORT.

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## PUCK

## NINTH

## CROP

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Handsome Rambler Catalogue free.

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**Where** can I get Fishing Tackle that is warranted?

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**Where** can I get Fishing Tackle at reasonable prices?

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# 5

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31





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— why not — try it ?

If you can not conveniently get a package of your Druggist or Barber — we mail a full pound package — neatly packed — and postage paid on receipt of 40 cents in stamps. A pound package will last one person *six months* or more. Address **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.**

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KEEPER. — Say! yer wanten keep dat kid outer his reach.  
MR. O'MALLEY. — Sortainly Oi do, — and Oi don't want any of yer moind-readin' exhibitions, nayther.



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 and Nutritious.

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HE talked of love in a cottage,  
 It was his fondest dream;  
 But he forgot the awful expense  
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WIFE.—George, I know you will not like it, but I will have to get you to stop at Lacey's and match this piece of goods.

HUSBAND (enthusiastically).—Not like it! Why, the girl that waits on that counter is the most bewitching, sweetest little angel!—

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NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS. Wear the KNICKERBOCKER SHOULDER BRACE and



"walk upright in life." No Harness, simple, unlike all others. Only reliable Shoulder Brace and Suspender combined. All sizes for men, women, boys and girls. HOLDS UP, BRACES UP.

Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$1 per pair, plain, or \$1.50, silk-faced. Send chest measure around the body.



Address KNICKERBOCKER BRACE COMPANY, Easton, Pa.

## La Flor De Vallens & Co.

BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY.



Incomparable Clear Havana Cigar.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13 Cigars for \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each. EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

## Arnold Constable & Co.

New Spring Designs and Colorings in INDIA PONGEES

will be shown this week. PRINTED CORAHS, RONGEANTS, CHINA SHIRTING SILKS,

A beautiful selection of designs and colorings. Broadway & 19th St. NEW YORK.



This is our Label.

And these our Brands. "Wiener" "Special Dark Brew" "Lager Beer"

Bottled at the Brewery by improved methods, thus enhancing the reputation for high class brewing maintained for half a century.

TEACHER.—Johnny, where are the days the shortest? JOHNNY.—On the stage; length about fifteen minutes.—Harvard Lampoon.

"WELL, Hal, what are you learning now at school?" asked the visitor. "To keep still, chiefly," said Hal.—Harper's Bazar.

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of digestive organs. Dr. Siegert's is the only genuine. At all druggists.

## The KODAK

AT THE North Pole.

2,000 Pictures Made by Lieut. Peary Among Greenland's Icy Mountains.



The Explorer endorses the Kodak. "My pictures were 'all taken with a Kodak,' and I regard the Kodak as responsible for my having obtained a series of pictures which in quality and quantity exceed any that have been brought back from Greenland and the Smith Sound region."

R. E. PEARY, U.S.N.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Send for Kodak Catalogue.

## THE FLORIDA HOME SEEKER

Tells of cheapest routes, hotel board. Where to locate for health and profit. Where to buy homes on \$1 and up; monthly payments. Three months for 10 cents. Sample free. THE FLORIDA DEVELOPMENT CO., 99 FRANKLIN ST., N. Y., ROOM 18.

## Card Parties.



Elegant playing cards are now put up by The United States Printing Company expressly for card parties in private houses. Six Packs of their Congress brand, regular size, gold backs and gold edges, are sold in cartons for \$3.00.

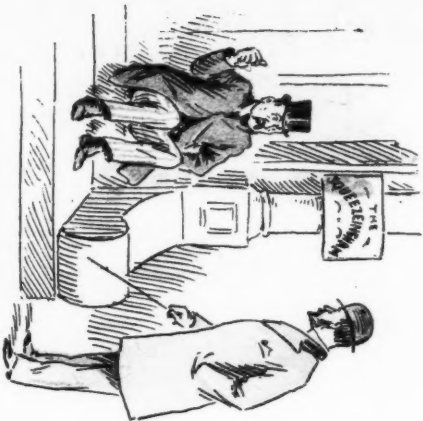
No cards like these ever were made before. They are as good and beautiful as they are new. The artistic designs are printed in either Green, Copper, Violet, Aluminum, or Gold bronze on backgrounds either Red, Blue, Orange, Maroon, Green or White.

If your dealer does not keep these Congress Carton Cards or will not get them for you, they will be sent to your address, expressage prepaid, on receipt of Three (3.00) Dollars, by

The United States Printing Co., Russell & Morgan Factories. CINCINNATI, O.

No mineral water will produce the beneficial results that follow taking ONE ONLY of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" with a glass of water immediately upon arising in the morning.

Beecham's is a beautiful pill covered with a tasteless, soluble coating. "Worth a guinea a box."—Price only 25 cents. Of all druggists, or a box will be mailed on receipt of 25cts. in stamps by B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.



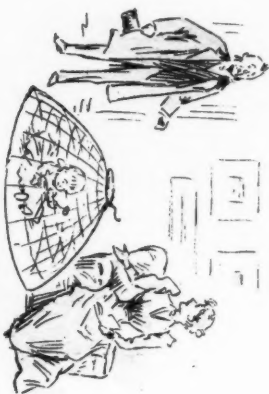
FRIEND.—What are you sitting out here in the cold for?  
MR. LITTLEFLAT.—There are a couple of ladies in crinolines calling on my wife, and there is n't room for me up there.



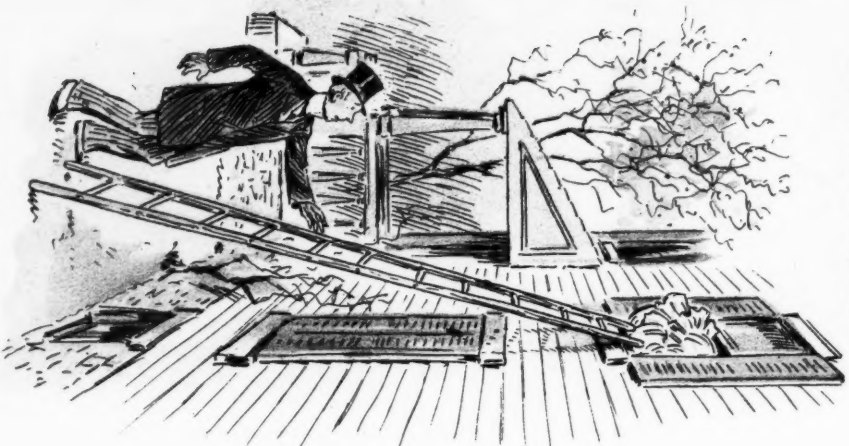
LET US DO IT COMPLETELY, WHILE WE ARE ABOUT IT.



At THE CLUB.  
"Big idea, fellows! Crinoline's coming in, and I'm going to start a revival of the men's styles of the same period!"



WIFE.—I'm so glad it has come in again, dear!—It's so handy to keep baby out of mischief, when one wants to read!



MUFFLED VOICE FROM ABOVE.—We shall have to give up our elopement, George—I can't get my crinoline through the window!



IF CRINOLINE COMES BACK.

If WE ARE TO CONTINUE COACHING, WE SHALL HAVE TO BUILD A NEW STYLE OF TALLY-HO, TO ACCOMMODATE THE CRINOLINES.